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Flint Granite Company, Albany, N. Y.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT,

MAPLE GROVE CEMETERY,

RANDOLPH, ... NEW YORK.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

AT THE

DEDICATION

OF THE

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

MAPLE GROVE CEMETERY

RANDOLPH, NEW YORK.

May 30, 1906

Written by HON. JAMES T. EDWARDS, LL. D.

Read by Mrs. J. T. Edwards.

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Randolph, N. Y., Aug. 25th, 1905.

Dr. James T. Edwards,

Dear Sir:

The undersigned Soldiers' Monument Committee, earnestly request that you will prepare an address to be delivered on the occasion of the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument to be erected on the grounds of the Randolph Cemetery Association, on or before Sept. 30th, 1905.

If you accede to this request, it is quite probable that such address with other appropriate matter may be printed in pamphlet form.

Yours respectfully,

Rodney R. Crowley, Chairman,
Horace C. Rich,
Emma A. Edwards,
Gilbert F. Gould,
Mary D. Johnson,
Committee.

Warren Dow, Committee on behalf of Cemetery Association.

Randolph, N. Y., Aug. 26th, 1905.

Hon. Rodney R. Crowley,
Chairman Monument Committee,

Dear Sir:

It gives me pleasure to accept the courteous invitation of your Committee to prepare an address for the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument.

Respectfully yours,

James T. Edwards.

Gift
Dr. & Mrs. J. T. Edwards
Je '06

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

INTRODUCTION.

PATRIOTIC SERVICE deserves our lasting gratitude. Sacrifice gives grace to the simplest act and dignity to the humblest character. History, poetry and monuments record and perpetuate civic virtues and noble achievements. Especially is this true when men have toiled and shed their blood in the interest of their native land.

Thucydides, writing of those who fell at Marathon, declared that the whole world is a mausoleum of those who die for the preservation of the liberties of their country.

"Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this
For Liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss.
Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

Such devotion as this awakens a response in all hearts and in all lands. In his recent visit to Boston, the first place of public interest which attracted the attention of Monsieur Witte, the distinguished Russian plenipotentiary, was the monument that stands on Bunker Hill.

All travelers who pass through Washington desire to visit the hallowed slopes of Arlington. Gettysburg, Antietam, Chattanooga, and other national cemeteries are looked upon with increasing interest, while in the marts of trade and in many a quiet village, monuments continue to be erected in honor of the heroes of the Civil War, although it is now forty years since its close. A generation has grown up since that struggle, but to the veterans gathered here, it seems as yesterday.

THE UPRISING.

On Friday morning, April 12, 1861, at half past four o'clock, a shell from a battery on James Island sped through the darkness and burst over Fort Sumter.

"The roar of that shell was heard around the world." A fierce bombardment from the fortifications about Charleston harbor followed, which continued until the next day, when Major Anderson and his brave command evacuated the demolished fort. He did not surrender. He carried with him the tattered flag which they had so gallantly defended, and which, four years later, as Major General, he again raised to the free winds over the ruins of Sumter.

The startling news of the ~~attack~~ inauguration reached the Capital of this State on Sunday morning, the 14th of April. It came upon the people as an event too astounding for belief. What

action followed in this State is well described by Gen. Frederick Phisterer in his history of the war. The Governor, Edwin D. Morgan, at once called a meeting in the executive chamber Sunday afternoon. There were present prominent state officers and certain members of the Legislature, which was still in session.

A committe consisting of the Attorney General, the Adjutant General, the Inspector General, Mr. Blood of the Senate and Mr. Robinson of the Assembly was appointed to draft a bill to be submitted to the Legislature on the following morning. As drawn by the committee, the bill provided for the enrollment of 30,000 volunteers to serve for two years, and appropriated three million dollars to meet the expense.

This bill may be found in Chapter 277, Laws of 1861, and is entitled, "An Act to authorize the embodying and equipment of a volunteer militia and to provide for public defense." The bill was passed April 15th, 1861, by a two-thirds vote, at the evening session.

This was the response to that bomb which the State of New York returned within forty-eight hours of the fall of Sumter. Our able, valiant "War Governor" was the man for the hour. He organized and sent to the front 223,000 soldiers. In 1864 Hon. Reuben E. Fenton was elected Governor and he loyally supplemented the work which had been so splendidly carried forward by his predecessor. But the ordinary citizen was stirred not less than the statesman. The youth of the country were especially aroused; and men of gray hair also crowded the enrolling stations.

Who that participated in those stirring scenes can ever forget those thrilling moments? A young man at school rushed into the room where we were teaching, and, utterly oblivious of everything else, shouted in the wildest excitement: "They've fired on Sumter!" This lad afterwards, with thousands of others, fought and bled on many a battlefield to save the Union.

Even the children were thrilled by the spirit of the hour, and drilled warlike companies armed with corn-stalk guns. In the Parole Camp near Alexandria was a little drummer boy fourteen years of age, who had spent six months in Libby Prison. He was eager to return to his regiment so that he might cheer on "the boys" with the rat-tat-tat of his drum. From the quiet halls of academy and college, hundreds of youths marched forth ready to lay down their lives to save their country.

Many of our schools cherish their names with pride and honor. Lowell, in his commemoration ode at Harvard, paid eloquent tribute to the gallant sons of the Union:

"Weak-winged is song,
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
Whither the brave deed climbs for light;
We seem to do them wrong,
Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their hearse,
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler verse;
Our trivial song to honor those who come
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and drum.
They shaped in squadron strophes their desire,
Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and fire."

Ellsworth, Winthrop, Stearns, and other brilliant young men, were among the first to fall. Every community felt the thrill of the great crisis. Many households gave all their sons. Not far from here were seven brothers, all of whom enlisted in the Union Army.

As in the days of the Revolution, ploughs were left in the furrow, and hammers on the

bench. Great war meetings were summoned, and to allow employees an opportunity to attend them, factories were closed, stores were shut and the hum of industry was for the hour silent. One lofty purpose animated and absorbed all loyal hearts. Women were equally brave and patriotic as their sons, brothers and husbands.

As President Lincoln issued his successive calls for troops, he rejoiced to hear the ringing response :—

"We're coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more!"

At the war meetings the speakers were often those unaccustomed to public oratory, but they were not the less eloquent. One would say, "I can go, because I have no one dependent upon me." Another would say, "I shall go because I want to make it possible for my sons and daughters to answer, 'Yes!' when they shall be asked if their father did anything to help save the Union." The marvelous uprising of our people astonished the world.

CITIZEN SOLDIERS.

We, at this time doubtless underestimated the strength and endurance of the South, and the southerners terribly misunderstood the spirit and purpose of the North. They thought the northeners were mercenary, and so devoted to habits of industry and love of gain that they were not adapted to become soldiers, and were incapable of the sacrifices necessary to secure the perpetuity of the Union. They little dreamed how soon the cool and peaceful North would be transformed into a great military camp, and in the fervid heat of patriotism all the diverse interests of the community would be welded into one; that partizanship would be weakened and the salvation of the country become of more importance than the furtherance of political ends. Democratic and Republican Governors vied with each other in forwarding troops to the front. Stephen A. Douglass, but a short time before Mr. Lincoln's opponent for Presidential honors, now became his most ardent supporter, and on his deathbed entreated his sons to "stand loyally by the Union."

If the South was surprised at the readiness with which northern men surrendered their business pursuits and adopted the warlike habits of the soldier, the nations of the old world were still more astonished. They had long felt and taught that a great standing army was essential to the maintenance of government, that long training and discipline were necessary to make the soldier. But, behold! as in the fable of the dragon's teeth, armed men sprang up everywhere, and ere long hundreds of thousands had become as good soldiers as ever faced a foe, and were heroically enduring all the privations and dangers of the mighty conflict. Their prophecy failed wherein they had often said that the American Union would fall to pieces when a terrific strain should be brought to bear upon its several parts; that citizens would be found too indifferent, selfish or ignoble to make the requisite sacrifices to save their imperilled country.

But when the clouds had rolled away, lo! a purer, nobler, more enduring Union stood before them, claiming the admiration of the world.

THE UNION SAVED.

The controversy which culminated in this Civil war was of long standing. The Constitution, which had been called the highest product of human wisdom, was a compromise. For the sake of peace it permitted slavery, although the word slave is not found in its articles. Our Fathers, including Washington and Jefferson, saw the inconsistency of slavery with the

doctrine which they had promulgated, that "all men are born free and equal," but they hoped and believed that it would gradually become extinct in the South as it had already done in the North. They therefore permitted it as a temporary expedient, for they were sorely perplexed and anxious to secure harmony of action. Alas! they planted a seed which bore bitter harvest in the years to come. Discussion, also, soon arose as to the nature of the government established by the Constitution. The South contended that the Union was a compact of Sovereign States, and could be dissolved at the option of any one of them. The North held that the Union was indissoluble; a nation, with a strong, centralized power, sufficient to protect itself from the assaults of domestic or foreign foes. This is the plain meaning of the preamble to the Constitution, which reads, "We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

"We the *People*," not the States; "to form a more perfect union" than under the Articles of Confederation, and, finally, the *State* cannot have "posterity." It is plain that our fathers meant that this should be a government of the people, by the people. This is the doctrine of nationalism of which Daniel Webster became the greatest exponent. He was the teacher of thousands who, afterwards, risked their lives in defense of the principles which he advocated. The war for the Union was first fought in the Senate Chamber.

On January 6th, 1830, Mr. Webster made his memorable reply to Hayne of South Carolina, which has done more to shape the thought and opinion of generations of school boys than any other speech that was ever delivered. He foresaw the coming conflict even then, and with prophetic eloquence forecast the calamities which impended, saying in words which are immortal:—

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in the heavens, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, with fraternal blood!"

A notable banquet was given in Washington on the 13th day of April, 1830, in honor of the birthday of Thomas Jefferson. Sectional feeling, even then, was at high tension. It was thought that the President, Andrew Jackson, might on that occasion reveal his purposes in regard to the doctrine of nullification. The champion of that cause rose and offered the toast, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards!" All eyes were fastened upon the President, when, somewhat later in the course of the banquet, he rose, and amid breathless silence, offered the toast, "Our Federal Union. It must be preserved!" This was like a trumpet call, accepting the challenge. None thereafter doubted where the hero of New Orleans stood in the contest to break up the Union. The language of that toast became a watchword. "The Union must be preserved!" was the thought that animated the hearts of our soldiers through the four years of the Civil War. This was the inspiring purpose that impelled the great majority of our men to enter the army. Other motives may have inspired some, and even mercenary objects have sometimes influenced others, but upon the whole, the vast majority entered the service inspired by a lofty and patriotic desire to serve and save their country.

SLAVERY ABOLISHED.

This glorious object was accomplished, and incidentally—perhaps we should say providentially—slavery perished. It was, however, a long time before public opinion became ready

to endorse the Act of Emancipation. Years before, Abraham Lincoln had said, "This country cannot continue to exist, part slave and part free; it must become either all slave territory or all free."

William H. Seward, in his great Rochester speech, had said, "There is an irrepressible conflict between free and slave labor," and Helper of North Carolina, in his "Impending Crisis," had shown that they could not exist together. Radicals at the North were eager to strike the shackles from the slave. Flaming orators cried, "It is the hour of fate! Strike the blow!" They hated delays and could not understand the patient wisdom of the President. In March, 1862, Wendell Phillips returned to Boston from a lecturing tour through the States, in some of which he had been insulted and scarcely escaped physical violence. He spoke in Music Hall, in his own city, to a vast audience which was in close sympathy with him. One of his radical statements was followed by a burst of applause. He folded his arms and after a moment's silence proudly said: "I expected to be hissed for that, and I shall be a dozen times yet!" He then proceeded to arraign the Government for not immediately proceeding to emancipate, then suddenly paused and said, "But I must remember my visit last week to that plain, great, honest man in the White House. After a long conversation with him in regard to the war, he went with me to the door and, taking one of my hands between both of his great strong ones, looking me squarely in the face, with deep feeling said: 'Mr. Phillips, you go around the country a great deal talking to the people. You criticise us for not doing at once some things that you think ought to be done. That is all right. This is a land of free speech and discussion, but while you are doing so, don't forget that putting down this rebellion is a vast, big job.' I shall not fail to remember the heavy cares and responsibilities of that noble patriot who is at the head of our Government." From that moment Mr. Phillips' speech took on a milder tone.

The Emancipation Proclamation followed January 1st, 1863. It is a singular fact that this date marked a change in the fortunes of our armies which has attracted the attention of historians. It was an act of justice that seemed to meet the special approval of an over-ruling Providence.

A GREATER SOUTH.

No greater calamity could have happened to the Southern States than to have been victorious. The doctrine of the right of secession, followed to its legitimate results, would have led to endless divisions until the whole land would have been broken into warring commonwealths. Their defeat resulted in untold sorrows and disaster, and the destruction of their substance, but it destroyed their system of domestic slavery, which the best men of the South never approved, and over whose destruction a great majority of the Southern people rejoice. Under the most favorable conditions attendant upon slavery, there were terrible and unavoidable evils, which the kindest master was powerless to prevent. Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, born and bred in Virginia, gives of this, in his book entitled "A Sailor's Log," an effective illustration.

One of the slaves on his father's plantation cut off the fingers of his left hand to prevent his being sold away from his family. In the language of Admiral Evans, "When confronted with the evidence he at once admitted his guilt and pleaded as excuse, that he believed my father meant to send him away from his family; that he had been so informed, and he knew no one would buy him if he had only one hand."

The "New South" has more than regained its lost wealth, and is more prosperous than ever before. Factories have sprung up, agricultural industries developed, railroads have been

built, more numerous and better schools established, and best of all, the Union now rests on the firm basis of mutual respect and confidence of the people in all sections of our peaceful country.

We have met today to honor those who have accomplished these happy results. We cannot too often dwell on the virtues of the brave men who saved the nation in the hour of its direst peril, and made possible the amazing progress and prosperity of our country today. If they had failed, our national life would have been extinguished. We can, at this late day, contemplate the actions of those who fought against us, "with malice toward none, with charity for all." The "lost cause" was a bad cause, but they believed it just.

The rank and file of the Confederate army thought that they were fighting for home and liberty. Such commanders as Lee, Jackson, Gordon, Longstreet, Wheeler and others, were not only chivalrous soldiers, but hastened, at the close of the war, to encourage their followers to accept the situation and peacefully return to their duties as good citizens under the old flag.

To-day we rejoice that the men of the North nobly responded to the call of duty. They loved their homes and life was as sweet to them as to us, but they risked all for sake of dear native land.

The appeal was made to the manhood of each individual citizen, and that appeal is always the most effective. The commanders in the two greatest naval battles of modern times felt this. Nelson at Trafalgar summoned every Englishman to do his duty, and Admiral Togo in the Sea of Japan gave to the breeze this heroic message: "The fate of our Empire depends upon this action. Every man is expected to do his utmost." Our soldiers in the field did not stand alone, but were ever sustained by a great, loyal people at home. Our wise rulers were careful to see that the connection between the soldiers and their families was close and continuous. No army ever before received so many letters. Our brave, suffering friend, Col. David B. Parker, was special agent of the Post Office Department to follow the movements of the army and forward mail promptly. To him were intrusted the secret plans of the army, so that as often as was possible, the soldiers, on arriving at a new station, would find their mail awaiting them. This close sympathy between the home and the field is expressed in the little poem by a soldier at Newbern, who shortly afterwards died at his post:—

"On guard to-night! 'Tis a lonely place,
And for two long hours I must wearily pace
To and fro mid the tall old pines,
Fringed with moss and clinging with vines.

Scarce smiles a star through the clouds aloft,
And the ocean breeze is damp and soft
That fans my fevered cheek and brow,
While I think of home and the loved ones now.

On guard to-night! 'Tis a lonely beat,
And with heavy heart and weary feet
Amid the gloom and dark I tread,
For I'm watching o'er the unburied dead.

Ah! yester morn how lightly throbbed
Full many a heart that death hath robbed
Of its pulses warm, and the caskets lie
As cold as the winter's starless sky.

How sad the thought that another day
Will bring again the battle-fray;
And ere the close of the morrow's light
I, too, may sleep like these to-night.

Past midnight hour, and I long to hear
The step to the soldier's heart most dear,
A sound that banishes all his grief,
The welcome tread of the next relief.

Ah! here they come, and now I may keep
My next four hours in the Land of Sleep,
And dream of home and the loved ones there,
Who never may know a soldier's care."

COURAGE.

Courage is the birthright of the American soldier. Side by side with him, however, fought equally brave men of foreign birth. Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Scandinavians, vied with each other in sustaining the institutions of the free land to which they had come. Volumes would not contain the record of all the splendid achievements of our defenders, many of whom were of humble rank.

This constitutes the unwritten history found only in the recitals of veterans gathered about the camp-fires. These deeds are often as heroic as those which glow on the pages of our national chronicles. What school boy has not thrilled at the reply of young Nathan Hale upon the scaffold as he unfalteringly gave up his life: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country!" but there lives, not far from here, a soldier, who in danger as great, made a reply as fitting.

He was one of a squad of foragers in Sherman's army. They had a sharp fight with a platoon of Confederate cavalry. Several fell, and a Lieutenant in command of the Confederates was shot through the arm. The Union men were overcome and captured. As they were led toward a forest, the Lieutenant kept repeating with oaths to the soldier who had shot him, "I'll hang you on the first tree; you're nothing but a bushwhacker, anyhow." At last his prisoner replied, never dreaming that he was heroic, "Well, I suppose you will hang me. When I joined the army I took all the chances, and I felt that it was worth all I could give to save my country, and all I've got to say is, if you do hang me, I shall try to die like a man!" With a resounding oath the Confederate replied, "If that's the kind of man you are, I'll not hang you!" and the man was saved.

ENDURANCE.

Our soldiers were not alone brave, they were enduring and persistent. Fighting was by no means their only business. With this were connected heavy marches, cold, rain, snow, and terrible exposures, sickness and discouragements harder to endure than even the deadly struggle of the battlefield.

"Comrades of camp and mess,
Left as they lay to die
In the battle's sorest stress,
When the storm of fight went by;
They lay in the wilderness—
Ah, where did they not lie?

In the tangled swamp they lay,
They lay so still on the sward;
They rolled in the sick-bay,
Moaning their lives away,
They flushed in the fevered ward."

Amid all the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, their hearts were strengthened by the thoughts of those they had left at home; and they were cared for as no other army ever was before. To say nothing of individual effort, the Sanitary and Christian Commissions were always performing acts of tenderness and mercy. What a procession was that, so eloquently described by Mrs. Mary Livermore, when on the appointed day for the bringing in of gifts for the first Sanitary Fair in Chicago, there filed past hundreds of vehicles, driven by old men, women, boys and girls, loaded with provisions, fruits, vegetables and all manner of comforts for the soldiers, carrying flags and banners bearing such inscriptions as these: "This for our father," "This for our sons," "In memory of our brothers," and others of like significance. That single fair netted nearly a million dollars, and those in other cities were equally successful, especially those held in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Who can write the story of our hospitals? A surgeon, while going on his rounds, chanced to remark to his attendant, in hearing of the patients, that he had "ether enough for only one more operation." The next surgical case required the amputation of a leg. The poor fellow looked up in the doctor's face and said, "Did you say that you had only ether enough for one more case? then give it Jim; he needs it more than I." "Jim" had been terribly mangled by a shell. Such acts of unselfishness, which were countless, rival and even surpass the generous deed performed by the chivalrous Sir Philip Sidney on the field of Zutphen. It was by dogged persistency that the salvation of the great cause was achieved. General Grant well expressed it in his two famous sayings, when at Vicksburg he replied to the question in regard to terms of surrender, "I propose to march immediately upon your works," and in the Wilderness, he wrote to President Lincoln, "We shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

MAGNANIMITY.

Magnanimity, that high soldierly quality, was exhibited by our soldiers. The world always admires it. Captain Phillip fought his ship magnificently in the battle of Santiago, but we love better to associate his name with the tender words which he addressed to his crew in the hour of triumph: "Boys, don't cheer; the poor devils are dying."

No two Northern men are more admired or highly esteemed in the South than President Lincoln and General Grant—the former because he had convinced them that he was good, just and merciful, the latter because of his generous magnanimity at Appomattox. Hard fighter as he was, for which they admired him, they honored the sentiment that dictated that they should keep their horses to put in their crops, that officers should retain their side arms, and that the soldiers of the Union army should refrain from exhibitions of rejoicing over their defeated foe.

Learning of the destitute condition of General Lee's army, he issued an order for the distribution of thirty thousand rations to the hungry men. The ink upon the paper ordering the surrender of the army was scarcely dry, before groups of men, so lately enemies, could be seen everywhere in friendly conversation, and interchanging acts of courtesy and kindness. Foreign critics had declared that both armies would be hard to deal with after peace was declared, but our soldiers hastened to return to their quiet industries, with nothing to distin-

guish them, as Mr. Greeley wrote, "except the proud consciousness of having served and saved their country." There were no imprisonments, no executions, as in the civil wars of other countries, but the spirit of forgiveness was evident everywhere, and the soldiers of each section parted with mutual respect and heightened confidence.

A SUPREME TEST OF AMERICAN MANHOOD.

The soldierly qualities which have been mentioned—devotion to duty, courage, endurance and magnanimity—were conspicuously displayed during that most momentous battle of the Civil War fought at Gettysburg on the 1st, 2d and 3d of July, 1863. Many of the soldiers from this locality belonged to regiments that participated in that protracted fight, especially the 64th and 154th Infantry and the 9th Cavalry. The last named claims the distinction of having fired the first gun, lost the first man and captured the first prisoner in that gory struggle. If some one should write a supplement to Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," he would unquestionably add Gettysburg to the list. Many circumstances combined to make it memorable.

Our foreign relations had reached a critical stage. England and France stood ready to recognize the Confederacy so soon as the South should win a conspicuous victory on northern soil. The Southern army had been reorganized and equipped, and eye witnesses declare that, as it marched through Hagerstown, Maryland, the men looked as if "they felt they could conquer the world." They were fresh from the victories of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. The two contending armies were composed of seasoned veterans, well matched as to numbers, each containing about eighty-five thousand men, ably led, and the rank and file performed such prodigies of valor, that whether we look upon one army or the other, we are proud that they were all American citizens. Neither the time nor the place of the battle was predetermined by either commander.

The battle was opened by General Buford, the great cavalry leader, at a place northwest of the town, along Willougby Run. He was soon joined by Reynolds' First Corps, and somewhat later by Howard's Eleventh; but they shortly had to face nearly the whole Confederate army, which was rapidly concentrating by the numerous roads which, like the spokes of a wagon wheel, converge toward the town. The Union troops were overwhelmed by numbers, and after a gallant resistance, were forced to fall back on Cemetery Ridge, leaving many prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Thus closed the first day. The second followed with many bloody struggles which finally resulted in driving in Sickles' Third Corps from the V-shaped ridge which he had chosen in preference to the row of low elevations which stretched south from Cemetery Hill. At fifteen minutes to four o'clock, one of those strange incidents occurred which compel us to believe that there was in this battle an unseen factor which the Comte de Paris, in his account of the conflict, terms "The Providential element."

Several times, during the fateful three days' fight, it seemed that the merest turning of a hand might have changed the final result. What, for instance, would have been the effect if Stuart's Cavalry had been present with the Confederate army at Chambersburg? or if Lee had pressed his victorious columns upon Cemetery Hill at the close of the first day's fight? He had yet two hours of daylight in which to pursue, and could have overwhelmed our shattered columns. Was it an accident that the sun shone bright over the woods of Plum Run at a quarter of four in the afternoon of July 2d? At that time, General Warren, Chief of the Signal Corps, visited Little Round Top, which at the time was used simply as a signal station. The merest novice who visits this famous battlefield, will see that whoever occupied this

rocky eminence would hold the key to the battle, for, from this point, the whole Union line could have been enfiladed. On a huge boulder on the very top of this eminence stands a superb statue of General Warren, who, field glasses in hand, is represented as looking westward, at the moment when he made the discovery of the enemy's rapid approach in an attempt to capture this point. The story is graphically told by the Comte de Paris.

"The officers of the Signal Corps stationed on the top, having informed Warren that they thought they had seen the enemy's lines in the woods between Plum Run and the Emmetsburg road, he thereupon ordered Smith's battery to fire a shot in that direction. Just as the projectile passed whistling above the trees, all the Confederate soldiers instinctively raised their heads, and this simultaneous movement being communicated to the polished arms held in their hands, Warren caught the reflection, like a streak of lightning, winding with a long trail among the leaves. This momentary apparition was a revelation to him; he divined the danger which menaced Little Round Top, and understood, by the same token, the importance of this position," and he hastened to find troops to defend it, who came up just in time to secure the place. The loss of life in its defense was terrible. Among our distinguished dead were Colonel Strong Vincent and Colonel O'Rorke.

The whole world is familiar with the details of the third day's fight. How Pickett, in the afternoon, made his charge on Seminary Ridge, a charge which for splendid courage and dash stands almost unrivalled in history. But his heroic, mighty columns were rolled back, crushed and defeated by the invincible ranks of the men of the North.

The Civil War had reached its "high water mark" and was to become thenceforth a refluent tide. It is pathetic to hear Lee, as he looks upon his shattered troops, borne back and defeated, "take upon himself the whole responsibility of the disaster," although military critics do not entirely agree with him.

Gettysburg was a superb test of American manhood! The long battle was so splendidly fought by the troops on both sides that every American heart may well glow with exultation and pride.

CONCLUSION.

The ranks of our veterans are rapidly growing thin. Most of our great commanders, including Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hooker, Meade, Thomas, Hancock, and others, have passed away. Some of them died comparatively young, but all of them will always live in the affections of those who followed them to battle, and in the annals of their country.

Of the volunteers who went from this section of the State, many have died. Some lie in the National cemeteries, some fill unknown graves, others sleep in the quiet of village graveyards; but wherever they rest, we, to-day, dedicate to their sacred memory this granite shaft. Not alone to them, but also to those veterans who still are with us, for it is erected

"IN HONOR OF OUR COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS."

This monument will also, eloquently, though silently, impress upon each generation that looks upon it, the high responsibilities of citizenship in a free, representative government, whether in time of peace or of war. So long as this beautiful memorial shall stand it will perform its lofty mission

TO INSPIRE PATRIOTISM,

TO TEACH SELF SACRIFICE,

TO INCULCATE LOYALTY.

MONUMENT IN HONOR OF THE 64TH N. Y. INFANTRY,

AT GETTYSBURG.

Randolph and vicinity furnished soldiers to more than a dozen different regiments and batteries, but a majority of them were in the 64th, 154th and the 9th Cavalry. For that reason these pictures of monuments erected in honor of those regiments at Gettysburg have been inserted here.

MONUMENT IN HONOR OF THE 154TH N. Y. INFANTRY,
AT GETTYSBURG.

NAMES OF SOLDIERS BURIED IN MAPLE GROVE CEMETERY, RANDOLPH, NEW YORK.

SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Seth Berray

Ezekiel Scudder.

WAR OF 1812.

Adam V. Dockstader
Otis Hitchcock
Joel Scudder

John Gould
—— Hewitt (first name unknown)
Asaph Sheldon.

FLORIDA WAR.

~~Charles~~ H. Latham.

CIVIL WAR.

Charles A. Benson, Co. E, 112th N. Y. V.
Charles Berment, Co. F, 84th N. Y. V.
Joseph Bloomfield, record not known.
Freeman Booth, Co. K, 2d Minn. Cavalry.
Charles Bohall, 112th N. Y. V.
B. G. Casler, Capt. Co. A, 154th N. Y. V.
Gurdon W. Coit, Co. K, 2d N. Y. V. Mounted Rifles.
O. B. Cravens, Co. D, 83d Pa. V. and Co. K, 165th Pa. V.
Lyman Dean, Co. B, 64th N. Y. V.
Elmore Draper, Co. B, 64th N. Y. V.
T. A. C. Everett, Capt. Co. B, 64th N. Y. V.
Horace H. French, Sergt. Co. F, 64th N. Y. V.
Thomas J. Hitchcock, Co. D, 5th Mich. V.
H. Lysander Jones, Capt. Co. B, 64th, N. Y. V.
William Kelsey, Co. B, 64th N. Y. V.
Nathan Keech, Co. E, 154th N. Y. V.
Hiram Litchfield, Co. B, 72d N. Y. V.
Albert Marsh, Sergt. Co. B, 64th N. Y. V.
John Mason, marine.
Lemuel Owen, Co. B, 64th N. Y. V.
Charles Risedorph, Co. B, 64th N. Y. V.
Ambrose S. Scudder, Co. H, 154th N. Y. V.
Cyril Seekins, Co. H, 154th N. Y. V.
Oscar N. Sheldon, Co. A, 169th N. Y. V.
Joel Torrance, Co. H, 154th N. Y. V.
J. Z. Wanamaker, Co. I, 17th N. Y. V.
Lathrop Weeden, Co. G, 9th N. Y. Cav.
D. T. Wiggins, Lieut. Co. B, 64th N. Y. V.
Eben Willard, Co. B, 64th N. Y. V.
Martin Yeloy, Co. H, 154th N. Y. V.

Zenas A. Gates

Franklin Jackson

SPANISH WAR.

Arthur Hotchkiss, Co. K, 202d N. Y. V.

BURIED ON SAMPLE HILL, RANDOLPH, NEW YORK.

Lyman Wright, War of 1812.
Isaiah Cross, 154th N. Y. V.
James Daniels, Co. C, 13th Heavy Artillery.
Alexander Gake, 154th N. Y. V.

COVER THEM OVER WITH BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

ELIZABETH PALMER MATTHEWS.

Thin grow the ranks. A few worn, weary men,
With the white spray of age upon each brow,
Come in sad memory of those far-off days
When they marched gaily where they falter now.

A few are left. How short has grown the list!
We call it tenderly with bated breath,
Lest from our ranks should fade the noble band
To answer to the roll-call of the ruler, Death.

Few, few are left. The ranks grow thin and wide
Apart as the dim armies of the past.
Silent and slow they come who once
Their conquering forces on the foremost cast.

Only a few, with weak and faltering tread,
And for a little while their march they keep
O'er the rough ways of poverty and age,
To bivouac-grounds of rest, so green and deep.

Thin grow the ranks. In silent camps they wait,
Who shared those hours of victory or defeat;
And marble sentries guard the sacred spot
Where war worn heroes rest in slumber sweet.

So few are left! Where are those gallant ones
Who led the conquering bands to victory?
Who, out of darkness brought the light of peace,
And set a race of suffering people free?

So few, but, ah! the golden-fruited years
Have scattered memory blossoms on their way;
And a glad nation comes with thankful heart
To tell its love each Decoration Day!

D. T. WIGGINS POST, G. A. R., NO. 297, RANDOLPH, N. Y.

LIST OF COMRADES IN GOOD STANDING, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1905.

Frank Boyington, Private, Co. D, 179th Regt., N. Y. Vols.
Harmon Hotchkiss, Private, Co. E, 9th N. Y. Cav. Vols.
Hiram Keith, Private, Co. H, 154th N. Y. Vols.
W. B. Hughes, Private, Co. F, 1st Bt. Pa. Vols.
Wm. H. Buck, Private, Co. A, 154th N. Y. Vols.
Hollis Marsh, Private, Co. E, 9th N. Y. Cav. Vols.
Albert G. Dow, Jr., Adjutant, 64th N. Y. Vols.
Charles W. Terry, Private, Co. K, 9th N. Y. Cav. Vols.
Isaac Brown, Private, Co. E, 9th N. Y. Cav. Vols.
Charles F. Brown, Private, Co. C, 13th N. Y. Heavy Artillery.
Samuel Bryant, Private, Co. H, 154th N. Y. Vols.
Florentine C. Mighells, Private, Co. B, 64th N. Y. Vols.
Harvey D. Litchfield, Private, Co. B, 64th N. Y. Vols.
Garrett S. Myers, Private, Co. B, 64th N. Y. Vols.
M. Johnson Crowley, First Lieut. and Quartermaster, 64th N. Y. Vols.
Rodney R. Crowley, Captain, 64th N. Y. Vols.
Darwin M. Graves, Private, Co. A, 154th N. Y. Vols.
Charles W. Mount, Private, Co. E, 112th N. Y. Vols.
Orra Snow, Private, Co. E, 9th N. Y. Cav. Vols.
James G. Johnson, First Lieutenant, 64th N. Y. Vols.
Gilbert F. Gould, Private, Co. G, 13th N. Y. Heavy Artillery.
Tenny L. Walsh, Private, Co. B, 64th N. Y. Vols.
Edwin Stone, Private, Co. E, 13th N. Y. Heavy Artillery.
John McLaughlin, Private, Co. F, 64th N. Y. Vols.
William Latham, Private, Co. E, 164th N. Y. Vols.
Rufus Deland, Private, Co. E, 9th N. Y. Cav. Vols.
Daniel Carr, Private, Co. I, 9th N. Y. Cav. Vols.
Alson Thurston, Private, Co. I, 9th N. Y. Cav. Vols.
Levi E. Morey, Private, Co. K, 9th N. Y. Cav. Vols.
Worden B. Wait, Second Lieutenant, Co. B, 64th N. Y. Vols.
George W. Haskins, Private, Co. A, 154th N. Y. Vols.
Alonzo Merritt, Private, Co. K, 1st N. Y. Vet. Cav.

John B. Nichols, Private, Co. C, 17th N. Y. Vols.
William R. Shannon, Private, Co. H, 71st N. Y. Vols.
James Williams, Private, Co. A, 112th N. Y. Vols.
Melvin Roberts, Private, Co. D, 11th Mich. Vols.
Joseph Price, Private, Co. A, 154th N. Y. Vols.
James T. Edwards, First Lieutenant, Co. K, 11th R. I. Vols.
William L. Eggleston, Private, Co. F, 64th N. Y. Vols.
S. Z. Fisher, Private, Co. G, 78th N. Y. Vols.
Dallas Foy, Private, Co. A, 13th N. Y. Heavy Artillery.
A. B. Price, Private, Co. A, 154th N. Y. Vols.
Henry H. Hamilton, Private, Co. B, 64th N. Y. Vols.
L. D. Heminger, Private, Co. C, 112th N. Y. Vols.
Owel H. Willard, Captain, Co. B, 64th N. Y. Vols.

MONUMENT IN HONOR OF THE 9TH N. Y. CAVALRY,

AT GETTYSBURG.

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